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THE HOUSE OF LOVE

LUCIEN V. RULE

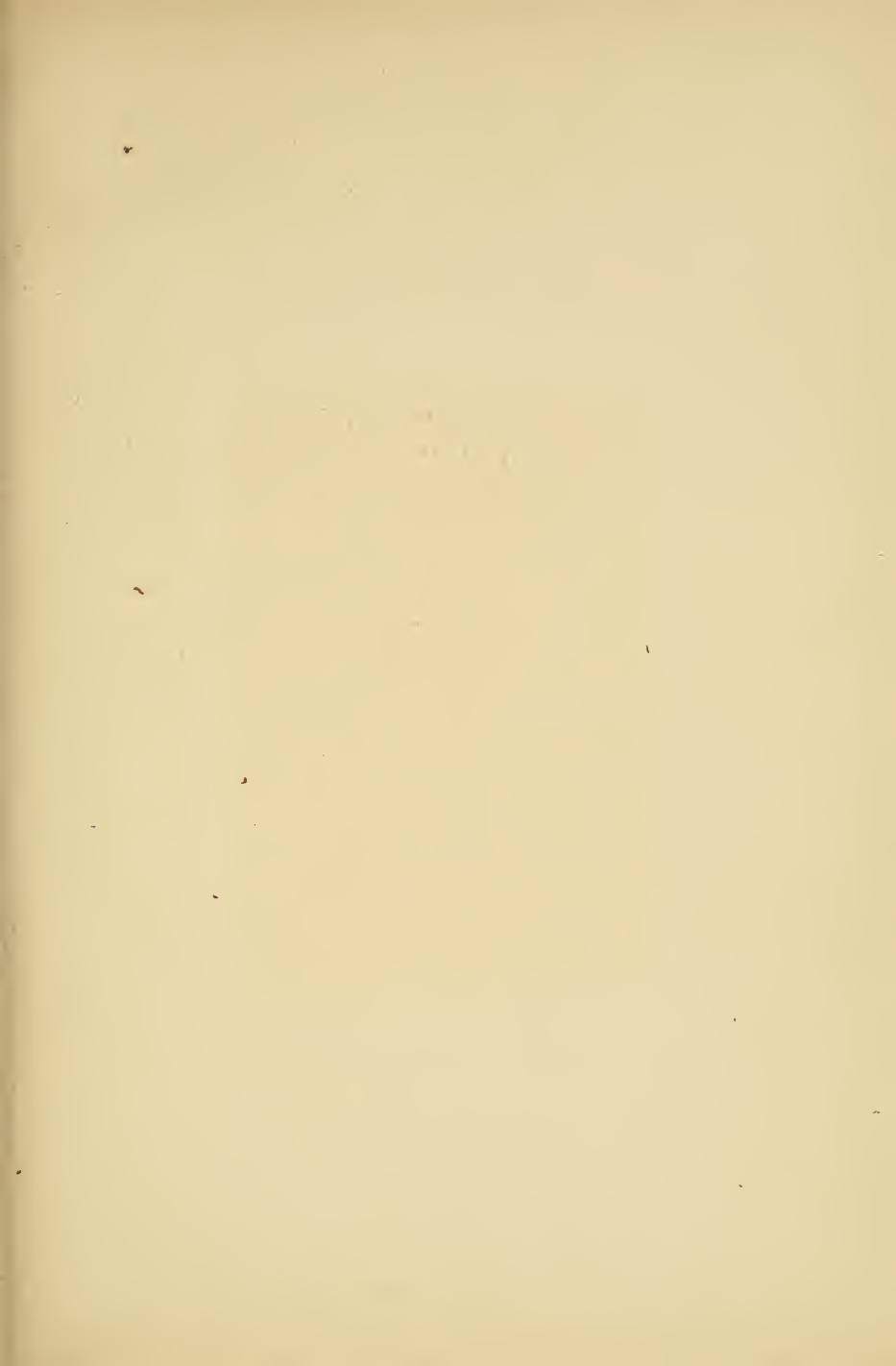


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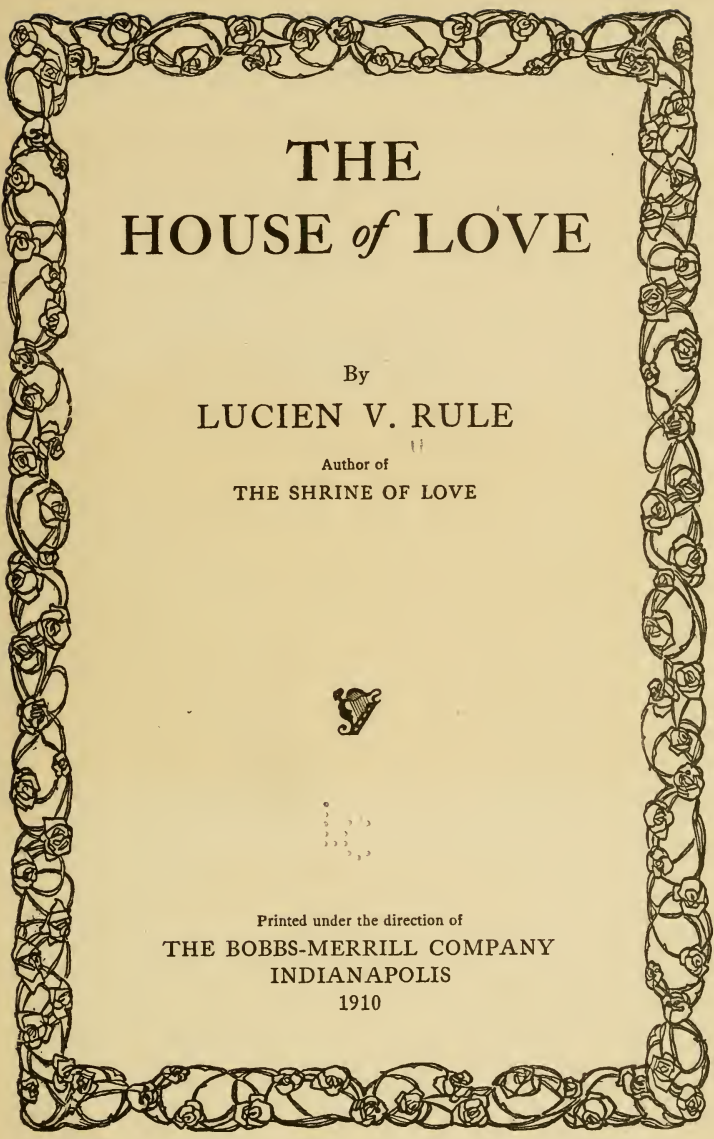
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*"'Twas at an old familiar Home
Whose sacred dead are dear to me."*



THE HOUSE *of* LOVE

By
LUCIEN V. RULE

Author of
THE SHRINE OF LOVE



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TO MOTHER

MEN ask me, Mother, why I do not write
More of my multitudinous songs to thee.
A silent minstrel by Love's boundless sea;
A mortal lost in Love's immortal light,
I stand, whose tongue nor pen would dare indite
In hollow-sounding words a theme divine.
Yet thou art more than angel, Mother mine;
A human Comforter who day and night
Makes Home a Heaven and Love the gate thereto.
A heart whose unrecorded service hath
Its due reward; a soul so sweet and true,
That deeds unnumbered, like a shining path,
Remain to mark the way thy footsteps trod;
And myriads following after find Love's God.

Dear Mother-Heart that humanized mine own,
And made my dream of Peace profoundly true!
Dear Mother-Soul whose tender counsel drew
Me back to Love from Doubt's dark desert lone;
In long companionship yet younger grown,
Thou sharest still Love's sweet romance with me!
Thy smile can calm Life's stormy Galilee,
And solace bring to mortal Misery's moan.
Thine eyes now mirror Love's Millennial Day,
And show me Truth that never will betray.
Through thee I found Eternal Goodness fair,
And saw the Beauty brooding everywhere.
From thee I learned to serve my fellow-man,
And shaped with Love Life's purpose, hope and plan!

THE HOUSE OF LOVE



*"Those tender eyes unclouded seem
As May-time skies so blue above;
But like some calm, secluded stream,
They mirror deep the brooding dove."*

THE HOUSE OF LOVE

WITHIN this House of Love that day by day
Our hearts are building, let no stone be placed
That is not on some human service based.
Round its large windows let Hope's sunbeams play
To drive Unfaith and Fear afar away.
Let all its ample rooms of Memory
Be filled with kindly words and deeds that we
Have said and done to widen Love's glad sway.
Let us not coldly dwell therein alone,
Like purpled potentates upon a throne,
But to Love's proudest portal welcome all,
From prince to peasant. Then its every hall
Will ring with wholesome laughter and delight,
And Love's white Star will ne'er recede from sight!

THE HILLS OF HOME

THE hills of Home are round me rising
As round Jerusalem
Of old ; and filled with sweet surmising,
I have returned to them.

Farewell, O dark, deceiving city !
Farewell, O crowded streets !
Dear God, upon the poor take pity,
Who know not Nature's sweets !

Here let me stroll along the river
In quietude and peace,
Communing with the gracious Giver
Of life and love's release.

With animals and birds and breezes
I'll pitch my happy tent,
And let my heart do as it pleases,
Without the world's dissent.

From every scene that sore distresses ;
From brain-toil's bloody sweat,
I've come to revel in caresses
Of flowers, and to forget.

I'll list the neighbor's cheery prattle
Beneath the cottage roof,
And from the din of life's fierce battle
Will hold awhile aloof,

Till Nature, nurse of all, restores me
To wholesomeness of heart,
And mind, and soul with wine she pours me
From springs of peace apart !

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

O HEART of mine, let Love Divine
Alone thy Shepherd be ;
The House of Hate is desolate
And dark beyond degree !

Love's House doth lead through sunny mead
And forest sweet with flowers,
Where cooling streams and soothing dreams
Make glad the gliding hours.

But Hatred's way doth lead astray
From Home and Heaven afar,
Where demons dwell in nether hell,
And gleams no Bethlehem Star !

AN AUTUMN IDYL

I

'TIS twenty years since I, a lad,
Beheld a happy bridal pair
Pass in the spring when fields were glad
And lark songs filled the sunlit air.

A goodly man, a comely maid
The lovers were that lovely day;
Facing their future unafraid,
When Life was in its blooming May.

'Twas at an old, familiar Home
Whose sacred dead are dear to me;
Whose spirits now in yonder dome
Of God live on eternally.

So it was meet that fair Romance
Should sanctify the scene anew;
That Love should tell, with tender glance,
Life's olden tale, still sweet and true.

II

'Tis autumn o'er the same dear scene
Love's footsteps hallowed long ago.
Far-lying fields have lost their green,
And weird the changing woodlands glow.

The spirit of the vanished spring
Seems hovering yet o'er vale and hill;
Too sadly sweet to soar and sing,
But more mature and winsome still.

Thus Youth and Love unfold in thee
Anew, dear Heart, with all the grace
Of Womanhood's sweet mystery;
The soulful charm of form and face.

Those tender eyes unclouded seem
As May-time skies so blue above;
But like some calm, secluded stream,
They mirror deep the brooding dove.

Companionship unlocks at length
The priceless treasures of thy heart;
The test and struggle, truth and strength
Of Pain's long vigil kept apart.

How brief, alas, may Beauty be!
Like some remembered autumn day;
Yet Love-anointed eyes can see
A glory still when locks are gray.

When tempting lips grow pinched and pale;
When features fade that once were fair;
Love clings more fondly to the frail,
With soft caress for every care.

III

By sweat and toil we strive to live,
And Life is but a make-believe;
But Love's great glory is to give;
Yea, greater far than to receive.

God's Kingdom means Man's Freedom come ;
His right to think and do and be ;
No more submissive, meek and dumb ;
Warped and depraved by Poverty.

Love's servants in the House of Life,
We mean to make the whole world One ;
To end its servile toil and strife,
And change each slave into a son.

From fellowship of force and fear
To fellowship of Love we rise ;
Behold it in each mother's tear ;
Go read it in each maiden's eyes !

Dear Soul, the grace and gift are thine
To love and serve with heart and hand ;
Comrade in work with the Divine,
The Friend of friends who understand.

And in the Home that thou wilt make
With one most worthy such a bride,
May springs of Love forever slake
Life's famished souls that turn aside !

THE CALL OF LOVE



*"May Grace and Truth, like trees that long have stood
Time's test and tempest, crown thee with all good!"*

THE CALL OF LOVE

FIVE years have flown since Love's companionship
Into my life with wondrous sweetness came.
I have not followed Fortune far, nor Fame;
The syrens twain with luring voice and lip.
Nay; nor hath Beauty caused my feet to slip,
Though oft I've felt her purifying flame.
Some old romances may occasion shame;
Fond Fancy's cup that tempted me to sip,
But left a bitter taste upon the tongue.
Some songs, alas, had best remained unsung;
Some dreams, indeed, were nearer false than true.
But trembling in those eyes of tender blue,
Like Morning's Star in yonder golden dome,
Love's promise lies of Happiness and Home!

I dare not tell thee now how truly dear
Thy fair young presence to me hath become.
If Love were voiceless, then my soul were dumb.
Can larks keep silence when the Spring is near,
Or brooks be holden when her call they hear?
Thou, too, hast felt the wintry touch of grief;
Life's thankless toil and brutal unbelief;
And waitest perfect Love to cast out fear.
Though binding not his white, ethereal wings.
Let him accustomed grow to lowly things.
His Kingdom long hath been the heavens o'erhead,
While earth was filled with wolfish strife for bread.
But maid of mine, incarnate now in thee,
Love dwells with men, forever fair and free!

WOMANHOOD

TO the fair threshold of sweet Womanhood,
Dear Heart, to-day thy happy steps have come.
Daughter of Love in Youth's Elysium,
May Grace and Truth, like trees that long have stood
Time's test and tempest, crown thee with all good.
November fields are birdless, drear and dumb;
Yet Joy and Song find thee their source and sum.
Like a deep spring within the shadowy wood
Refreshing far and near the famished flowers,
Thy native kindness overflows to all,
And fills with life and cheer Toil's weary hours.
No homely task hath ever seemed too small
For thee to do, and lo, Love's golden gate
Swings wide with welcome while glad angels wait!

HER PHOTOGRAPH

IT lies upon my desk—her photograph;
And every morning when I rise from rest,
Her beauty meets me and the world is blest.
She lifts Life's brimming cup and bids me quaff
Love's pure delight; and now in her behalf
My heart beats true to Home on land or sea.
In God's great out-of-doors she walks with me.
Glad larks sing of her, and the brooks that laugh
Along their happy way proclaim her praise.
Sweet skies smile down upon her and behold
Their heavenly mildness in her kindly eyes.
Soft breezes come to greet her and enfold
Her in their arms with gently murmured sighs,
While sunset hills their altars to her raise!

LOVE AND POVERTY

AH, not for me the bliss of mortal bride,
And blooming sons and daughters at my knee!
My flesh is fettered that my soul, set free,
To Love Divine may ever be allied,
And breast for Truth tempestuous storm and tide.
Yet oft I hunger for a human kiss—
The love of man and maiden; but to this
Love answers, "In my bosom still abide!"
Yea, in due season may my soul conceive
And bear me children of the mind and heart,
The lasting legacy of song and art;
The awful burden of the word divine—
World-love our sad world-sorrow to relieve.
Then, Sweet, I'll sing: "God's mother-love is mine!"

I would to God that I might call thee mine;
That fame and gold were in my hand to give;
Then would I for thee always, only, live!
Then would I build a home where bliss benign
And tender love should be forever thine.
But oh, what have I, Sweet, to offer thee
Except the paltry rags of poverty?
Enough that I must drink the bitter brine
Of this world's woe; must bear the silent scorn
Accorded every ardent son of song
Who sides with Truth against the ancient wrong;
Who lifts the weak down-trampled by the strong;
Who feeds the hungry, findeth the forlorn,—
Brother to Him who was at Bethlehem born!

THE VICTORY OF LOVE



*"Like a deep spring within the shadowy wood,
Refreshing far and near the famished flowers,
Thy native kindness overflows to all."*

PEACE

WHEN I awake at dawning's break
My thoughts take wing to thee
Like warblers sweet that rise to greet
The sunlight glad and free.

When with the rills I skirt the hills
And meet the odorous air,
Its kisses seem the soothing stream
Of thy soft blowing hair.

The changeful day is like the play
Of fancies o'er thy face;
But in thy breast there is a nest,
Love's own abiding place.

Thy soft caress can calm distress,
Thy smile can heal the heart;
My weary brain forgets life's strain
When I am where thou art!

HAPPINESS

AHOUSE of Love amid the hills,
With music of the birds at morn,
And nightly serenade of rills,
Would lull to rest my soul forlorn.

A figure fair and feminine,
With golden hair and dovelike eyes,
And low, sweet voice that answered mine,
Ah, this were Heaven beneath the skies!

IN APRIL

WHEN shall I learn you love me?
Ah, Dearest, shall I know
When April skies above me
Bring heaven to earth below?

When wooing birds are singing
Through all the balmy air,
And happy fields are springing
To verdure everywhere?

When crystal rills are breaking
Forth into melody,
And woodlands deep are waking
To join Spring's jubilee?

When orchard boughs are bending
With beauty far and wide,
And odors sweet ascending
Make all the land Love's bride?

When sunny days grow longer
With laughter and delight,
And life seems sweeter, stronger
Each golden dawn and night?

Now God Himself is near us
In every smiling flower,
And sends the larks to cheer us
Each music-laden hour.

Yea, every tender feeling
Is kindled in my breast,
And bids me now be kneeling
While love is full confessed.

In all the virgin sweetness
Of sky and stream and bird,
Oh, mark the season's meetness,
And murmur Love's one word!

When pulsing hopes are purest
And gain their gladdest goal;
When shining stars are surest,
Love's twain become one soul!

THE VICTORY OF LOVE

O LOVE, I have left all and followed thee
Through trial and tears, through good report and ill.
Submissive to thy wise, o'er-ruling will
In everything, I have not bowed the knee
To Mammon's idol ; but have fought to free
My fellow-men from Evil ; and though lost
The battle sometimes seemed, at every cost
I still sustained it. Yea, and blessed be
Thy holy name, I have not lived for naught.
A wondrous change thy tender touch hath wrought
Within my soul, transforming every thought
Till darksome doubt and self no more deceive.
And now I know that if we but believe,
There is no victory Love may not achieve.

The sorrows of my life have fled, and I
Am happy. The whole world is fresh and fair.
A radiant gladness fills the morning air,
And a more heavenly blue adorns the sky.
No longer do I sit alone and sigh ;
For hope and rapture supersede despair.
The smile of Love hath made Doubt's desert bare
To blossom as the rose ; and, passing by,
A spring-like Presence gave me gracious sight.
A nobler strength is granted with each day,
And a profounder peace pervades the night.
Self hath surrendered. I have found the way
Unto the House of Love whose portals sweet
Bid genial welcome to my pilgrim feet !

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

IN Friendship's fond and genial Galilee
We've wandered day by day where'er we would,
Without a thought but doing others good.
Among Life's hills and by her sunny sea
We've taught Love's Kingdom that will surely be
When souls, like ours, shall beautify and bless
This world of sickness, sorrow and distress.
Love's little children climb upon our knee
And find the Father in our smiling face,
While mothers marvel at our words of grace.
We've wept and prayed beneath Doubt's midnight dome,
Till now I sigh for some dear Bethany Home,
Waiting with welcome, warm, sincere and sweet,
Ready to soothe me, sitting at Love's feet!

I want thee, Sweet, forever at my side;
I can no longer labor now alone.
Since Friendship hath to Love enduring grown,
Be thou my comfort evermore and bride!
The secret of my heart I cannot hide;
It is betrayed in every look and tone;
And thou, a woman, hast already known.
Yea, Love and Friendship are so close allied
We scarce discern betwixt the happy pair.
Thus, Dearest, we, accustomed long to share
Our every thought, have melted into one.
I need thee in the work that must be done
To bring Love's Goodly Kingdom everywhere—
Whose glory, like our love, is but begun.

TWO MOTHERS

SWEET Mother with the glory of gray hair
That crowns thee, still thou hast the heart of Youth.
Thy dear dark eyes with tenderness and truth
Are radiant yet, and so thy face is fair.
Yea, though thy brow be furrowed o'er with care,
How gentle still thine olden-time caress!
Come, Mother, with thy loving favor bless
The mating of a pledged and happy pair;
The one my heart hath chosen, so like thee
In faith, devotion and fidelity.
Star of my soul to guide when thou art gone;
My Comforter when Death shall have withdrawn
Thee to the House of Everlasting Love;
Making our Home below like that above!

Sweet Mother of My Own, thou, too, art mine!
A Queen of Womanhood whose realm is Home.
Dear Soul, illumined like the noonday dome
With Truth's clear sunlight, surely Love Divine
Had sovereign reason for each trial of thine.
Since through great tribulation thou hast come,
Thou canst compassionate Earth's bruised and dumb,
And to despairing lips bring Hope's pure wine.
Maternal tenderness for all the Race
Moistens thine eyes and glorifies thy face.
Refined, unselfish through the fretful strife,
Thou hast stood nobly for the Larger Life.
O Heroine of Toil with heart of gold,
No garland now will Love from thee withhold!

HOMeward

TIME'S chilling frosts have slain Youth's early flowers,
And turned the leaves to scarlet, brown and gold.
Yet once again Love's romance sweetly told,
Like Indian Summer, gladdens all the hours.
The mocking-bird still sings 'mid autumn bowers,
While flock and herd at nightfall seek the fold.
Thus, Dearest, from a world so wintry cold
My heart comes home to thee with ripened powers.
Love's beacon star and gleaming cottage light
Guide Labor's steps unerring in the night.
Let maiden bloom and manhood now mature
Companion in a mating nobly pure ;
A nuptial pair whose glorious truth and grace
Mean growth and gain for all the human race.

O Sweet, how Love hath glorified thy form,
From thy dear face and softly flowing hair,
Down to thy feet so serviceful and fair.
How grateful is thy bosom's welcome warm
Unto my head and heart in time of storm.
O gracious presence, leave me nevermore ;
But ever to my soul glad spring restore !
Love's spirit permeates each precious charm
That God hath given, Dearest, as I gaze
In worship on thee and thus hymn thy praise.
Yea, 'tis thy tenderness that makes me strong
And adds compassion's note to every song.
O Sweet, thou answerest every need of mine—
So human still, though seeming most divine !

LOVE AND TOIL



*"From o'er Life's wide and pathless watery plain
Unto the House of Love like ships we come,
Rejoice together, then go forth again."*

LOVE AND TOIL

COME, let us build the House of Love o'erhead,
And work wherever in the House of Life
The Father wills, to end this mortal strife—
Man's brute-like battle to be clothed and fed,
His soul, alas, to bliss and beauty dead.
We've solved the riddle of world want and woe;
Hatred exalted and sweet Love laid low!
Privation's wine-press that wage toilers tread
In bondage is familiar to our feet,
Whether in rural haunt or crowded street.
Yet such the treasures of exhaustless Love,
We'll bring to earth the bright abodes above,
Kindling a warmth in bosoms cold as stone,
Giving God's balm for agony and groan.

Reared with the lowly class that toil for bread,
The downmost men, we'll make their cause our own
'Gainst sceptered Privilege upon the throne.
Earth's mourning millions must be comforted,
The burden-bearers that have lost and bled,
The great unnumbered God alone could name,
Foredoomed to die in slums and haunts of shame,
While godless kings (the fatherless unfed),
Consume the substance of the fruitless soil,
Begorged and swinish o'er the widow's toil,—
Stupid impediments in Freedom's path,
Sowing the whirlwind of Almighty Wrath,
Wretches that e'en in Judgment will not care,
Though long our Lord and Master may forbear!

THE GARLAND OF LOVE

I COULD not love thee, Dearest, as I do
If thou didst dwell in princely palace halls,
Where chilling pride the noblest soul enthralls,
And pleasure's empty paths alone pursue.
Nay, I thank God thou art too sweet and true
To sigh for these. Beneath the lowly roof
Love comes, but from the lofty holds aloof.
The beauty of thine eyes, so deeply blue,
Excels the splendor of the proud and great.
Yea, and the glory of thy golden hair
Surrounds thee with a wealth more wondrous rare
Than Solomon's in all his royal state.
For Love hath placed his garland on thy brow,
And Song with kindred honors shall endow.

THE BUILDERS OF LOVE

THE House of Love we build is in the heart,
And will endure when wealth has passed away.
'Tis not the dream or work of just one day,
Nor fashioned by the cunning hand of art.
The kindly words and deeds that are a part
Of this eternal structure, through the years
Were put in place, and oft with bitter tears.
Its treasured store came not from Mammon's mart;
Nor doth dear Love allow us sordid ease.
Nay, 'twas by prayer and fasting that we found
Material for the mansion that is ours;
And oft by sailing sorrow's stormy seas.
But now, what peace and rapture there abound;
What feasts of fairyland; what fadeless flowers!

THE GLORY OF LOVE

THIS native kindliness that lives in thee
Is Love Divine, dear heart. Yea, it is God.
My feet that steadily were wont to plod
Life's pathway, now leap forward glad and free,
Because the blessing of thy smile on me
Like spring hath fallen, and devotion's flowers
Are flourishing, while birds amid the bowers
Make music all day long so merrily,
That well I know they likewise are inspired
By the Love Spirit of the Universe.
The world to-day seems like a bride attired
In robes of glory; for thou dost disperse
The shadows of despair like Morn's sweet voice,
Which calls to hill and vale: "Rejoice! Rejoice!"

Synonymous with music and with spring,
With bursting blossoms and with mating birds,
Thou seemest, and the worship of my words
Bespeaks a spirit that will ever sing
Thy precious praise on star-aspiring wing.
The freshness of the morning is thy face,
And all its genial glory but thy grace.
These glad, succeeding, sunny days that fling
Their arms of Life and Light about Old Earth,
Until she teems with Beauty's wondrous birth,
Are but the wooings of Love's tenderness;
His warm embraces that uplift and bless
These lonely souls of ours, devoid of worth
Till wakened by Creation's sweet caress.

THEY TWAIN



*"Sweet Autumn has returned, and in its sway
I see Her image—soothing to the heart,
Yet filled with thoughts that cause the tears to start."*

THEY TWAIN

THOUGH I were Truth Eternal and could stand
Triumphant till the stars should fade away,
I would be human still and long to lay
My head on Woman's breast ; to feel her hand
Smooth back my troubled brow. God is not grand
Until we know his great Maternal Heart,
Of Majesty and Might the counterpart.
Wisdom Divine and Holy Justice planned
The Universe ; but Everlasting Love
Sustains the Whole, from the blue vault above
To the profoundest reaches of the seas.
Sublimar than all Law is Love Divine,
That dwelleth, Dearest, in thy heart and mine,
And bids the noblest self bend reverent knees.

Though thou art high and holy, yet I dare
To claim thee. Yea, upon thy precious breast
I now will lay my weary head to rest.
I feel the glory of thy golden hair
About me softly fall, while every care
Takes wing and leaves my soul supremely blest.
How often have I longed to be caressed
By thy dear hands ; how oft in silent prayer
Petitioned Love to let thy heavenly lips
Bend down with dewy sweetness to mine own,
Athirst from desert wanderings sad and lone !
Thy tender smile with faith and hope equips
Me for Life's conflict, and to deeds divine
Moves every manly faculty of mine !

THE EQUALITY OF LOVE

I DID not bind thee with Love's solemn oath,
Soul of my soul, to slave for me alone ;
Encircling thee within the narrow zone
Of my small self, lest thou ere long shouldst loathe
The links that thrall'd thee, and forswear the troth
We pledged in faith that Love would never fail.
Nay ; though we twain are one, we do not wail
The gift of Love which is Life's gain and growth.
Love's blissful sky that bends above is ours,
And the glad world below with all Life's flowers.
I will prove worthy and thou wilt prove true,
And summer birds will sing where'er we be.
Yea ; though I wronged thee, thou wouldst still renew
Thy tenderness as mercy unto me !

I would not be thy lord and master ; No !
For he who loves indeed delights to serve ;
While he whose only care is to preserve
His selfish sovereignty, alas, below
The brute hath fallen, and dealt Love a blow.
That which he seeks to hold eludes his hand,
And leaves him starving in Love's plenteous land.
Let not thy love forever toward me flow,
But sometimes in deep tenderness deny
My soul's desire, that I may love thee more.
Let not thy heavenly kisses on my lips
Without cessation passionately pour.
God wisely veils the stars within the sky,
And even o'er Love's sun oft sends eclipse !

THE DEVOTION OF LOVE

O SWEET, the soul of Love's eternal tie
Is mutual tenderness and constant truth,
By which Love keeps his pure, perennial youth.
If hearts were cold and false, then would we fly
To find relief beneath an alien sky ;
And all the power of our plighted troth
Would but bring worse despair upon us both,
And for Love's early gladness make us sigh.
Such servitude would drive away all rest,
And bring a bitter burden to the breast ;
Would curse the hand that formerly caressed,
And chill the thoughts that once were warm and true ;
Would fill with darkness all Life's sunny blue ;
A desert waste where once were dawn and dew !

Yet think not, Dearest, that this tender trust
Will in a little season waste away ;
That Love's clear lute, which sounds its gladsome lay,
Will soon be idly trampled in the dust.
'Tis not we merely promised and now must ;
For faith when founded on unfeeling words
Soon leaves us like a flock of fickle birds.
Devoted Love will share its last poor crust
And cruse with lips no longer filled with song ;
Through very sacrifice will grow more strong,
And keep the lover pleading at thy feet ;
By self-denial made more truly sweet ;
Though having liberty, will hold it loss ;
Yea ; even will forgive on Calvary's Cross.

FORGIVING LOVE

SO many faults and failings have I, Sweet ;
For I am human still and not divine.
Then should I ever wrong this love of thine,
Be merciful and at thy blessed feet
I'll bow, thy glad, forgiving smile to greet.
Deal gently with me when I seem most stern ;
And, oh, when I am harsh and heedless, learn
To bear with patience my impetuous heat !
Teach me thy tenderness, for Love's deep trust
Bids us be kind to all as well as just.
Teach me thy lofty faith, for Love requires
Calm confidence as well as fervent fires.
Teach me thy pure simplicity of heart,
And Love ere long will make me as thou art.

O Sweet, each trial of trust calls forth the tears ;
For shadows oft o'ercast Life's blue above,
And make us doubt if we do really love !
But day by day some kindly deed endears
Thee more and more, and in the coming years
Will gleam and guide me like the Star of Dawn,
Toward Love's Immortal Morning leading on,
While darkness from Hope's summit disappears.
Like one who sits beside a murmuring stream
Until its mellow music makes him seem
Oblivious of life's sorrows, found I thee ;
And thy deep tenderness shall like the tide
Of a full flowing river wax more wide
Until it bears me to Love's boundless sea.

THE VALE OF TEARS



*"Thus my Lost Darling went, and the wild blast
Of Winter stripped the once delightful bowers,
And silent left the songful Summer hours."*

LOVE HUMAN AND DIVINE

WHY does a look of sadness dim our eyes
Amid the coming of Love's golden dawn?
When Hope's White Star that proudly led us on
Pales in the splendor of Life's fuller skies,
Why spring these deep, unutterable sighs
And longings that so strangely thrill the breast?
When like the robins settled in their nest
At nightfall we would feel; or would arise
On lark-like wings to meet the shining sun,
Ah, why this pathos mingled with our bliss;
This pain, as though we parted, when upon
The lips beloved we print pure rapture's kiss?
Oh, whence these thoughts, indeed, too deep for tears,
Yet which the more to us our love endears?

Love is of God and leads to him again;
And, Dearest, when I take thy hand in mine
And draw thee to myself, I full divine
A feeling that uplifts us to the plane
Celestial where Eternal Love doth reign.
When toward thy tender eyes I turn mine own,
I seem to see the glory of Love's throne,
And perfect spiritual peace and power attain.
When thy pure lips I worshipfully press,
An angel benediction seems to bless
Us both, responding to our mutual prayer.
O Sweet, I could not hold thee half so fair,
Nor love thee near so much, did not that love
Find God in all the Universe above!

THE GLADNESS OF LOVE

THE world was wearied of my notes of woe,
And said my harp should find a happier theme.
Then I despaired, when suddenly the gleam
Of thy glad eyes, like morning's golden glow,
Smiled on mine isolated life and lo,
All Nature was divinely sweet again.
What wonder that my soul resumed its strain,
When thou, the source of music, bade it flow.
Ah, was it strange that I should find release
From pain at thy approach, Incarnate Peace?
Or was it marvellous that I should learn
To worship Beauty when I saw thy face;
That I, who wandered once from place to place,
Should toward the House of Love for shelter turn?

We were not strangers ere we met. Ah, No!
For when together we did first commune,
It seemed the echo of some well-loved tune
Returning tenderly from long ago.
Remembrance seems to linger here below
Of Fields Elysian whence our spirits came
To tabernacle in this human frame.
Yea, yonder stars that nightly gleam and glow
Seem bright abiding places where the soul
Rejoices while eternal ages roll.
Oh, let us hold a faith that shall outlast
Earth's fitful fates and strengthen with the years;
Till full triumphant over trials and tears,
The portals of Eternal Love are passed!

THE GLOOM OF LOVE

I SCAN the fadeless starry fields of light,
And would my restless heart were calm as they ;
That my despondent soul could feel the sway
Of their eternal majesty and might.
Then would I shrink not when the chilling blight
Of Doubt drives back the tender hopes of Love.
What though I hear no more the vernal dove
Of thy dear voice when days were heavenly bright ;
I feel the sweet rebuke of thy soft eyes
Fall on me and reprove despair's deep sighs.
Yet it was hard thy silence to endure
When joy and song have kept my faith so pure ;
When every wakening thought takes wing to thee,
And Morn and Eve Love's Temple are to me.

Ah, 'tis not in the dazzling, sunlit day
Of Love that we his meaning truly find ;
Because our eyes with selfish bliss are blind,
And speechless worship only we can pay.
But when, alas, Love wings afar away
Beyond the summits, and our eyes are wet
With tears of fruitless longing and regret ;
Then we behold on high the trembling ray
Of his eternal, heart-consoling Star.
Absence is anguish, but its lessons are
The sweetest that in all our lives we learn.
Sad separation hath a rich return,
If we but wait with hope ; and every pain
A recompense at last in rapture's strain.

THE VALE OF TEARS

ALITTLE while we walk together, Sweet,
Beneath Life's overbending skies of blue;
Then cometh Sorrow, while Joy fades from view.
Yea, Dearest, we must teach our happy feet,
Which toward Hope's shining summits fared so fleet,
To tread the Vale of Tears without complaint.
Aye, we must follow on, nor fall nor faint
Along Love's road, however harsh the heat.
Then kiss me, Darling, as thou didst of old,
When bliss for both our hearts had but begun,
Amid the dewy fields when yonder sun
Was mild and kindly, smiting not as now
With sweat of agony the weary brow,
While fled forever is Love's dawn of gold!

THE PANG OF PARTING

KISS me once more, and on thy gentle breast
A single moment longer let me lay
My weary head. Then will I try to say,
Alas, to say farewell! Love knoweth best.
Forgive me, Darling, that I am distressed!
What lover in the whole wide world would not,
Though pain and parting are the common lot?
Farewell, dear hands whose touch has long caressed
My cares away! Farewell, fond eyes of blue
Whose constance cannot die while God is true!
Farewell, sweet lips! Though parched with heat and dust,
Ye would smile on with Love's devoted trust!
Farewell, and in the House of Love on high,
If aught befall, I'll meet thee, bye and bye!

THE JOURNEY OF LOVE

FAREWELL, My Own, a while, farewell to thee!
Our happy spirits have companioned here
Within this House of Love till thou art dear
As Love himself—light of the world to me!
Life's fateful future none can full foresee;
And hearts shrink back at what may be in store.
Yet since dear Love doth guide us evermore,
Let Love from every fear now set us free.
From o'er Life's wide and pathless watery plain
Unto the House of Love like ships we come,
Rejoice together, then go forth again.
The lips of song and laughter now are dumb,
And bitter tears gush forth; yet still I say,
Love's shielding wings spread o'er our winding way.

THE SOLACE OF LOVE

LOVE is unchanging, and my loyal heart,
Made in thy image, loves thee evermore.
Small matter, then, what Life may have in store.
Though Death should smite us while we are apart,
There is a House of Love whereto Death's dart
But makes the way more beautifully clear!
The Universal Soul still holds us dear;
And I am with thee wheresoe'er thou art,
Sweet absent, but abiding, maid of mine!
God's tender stars smile down from realms divine
With heavenly benedictions on thy head.
Though Earth be filled with wolfish strife for bread,
Thy love in absence is my anodyne,
Driving afar the shades of doubt and dread!

THE TEMPLE AND THE TOMB



*"While Winter, white and cold,
Chills all the ways where Love's sweet tale was told."*

THE TEMPLE AND THE TOMB

O HOUSE of Love, the Temple and the Tomb
Wherein I worshiped, then put Hope away
Forever from my heart in sunny May!
I wept beside Love's bier in Memory's room,
God's world all glory but my soul all gloom.
Yea, Love before me mute and lifeless lay.
O Grief! O Grave! What more can mortal say?
She was my Destiny. She was my Doom.
Love's springlike Presence and Love's deep Despair;
A Flower so sweet, yet oh, so frail and fair!
The chill of Death is in the summer air,
While I, Love's exile, mourn my lost estate.
O Heart of mine, lamenting now thy mate,
There is no solace but to work and wait!

Sweet Autumn has returned, and in its sway
I see Her image, soothing to the heart,
Yet filled with thoughts that cause the tears to start.
Though crowned with glory is each golden day,
It hints of rapture that has passed away.
Serene with hope is each ascending dawn,
Yet sad with memory of glad seasons gone.
In these fair fields I could forever stray,
But, ah, I know their splendor will not last.
Thus, my Lost Darling went and the wild blast
Of winter stripped the once delightful bowers,
And silent left the songful summer hours.
Yea, Love is dead; but there remains for me
The Love triumphant o'er mortality.

THE GRIEF OF LOVE

O SWEET, I was left mateless just when I
In Love's glad Maytime learned to sing and soar.
The music of thy voice is mine no more.
My dear Delight, my Darling, thou didst fly
Like summer birds to find a sunnier sky,
And left me here forlorn amidst the roar
Of wintry winds when golden days were o'er !
What is heart worship but an endless sigh ;
An echo uttered to the empty air,
Whose answer is the silence of despair ?
What are Hope's glories but a fleeting show,
Which, like the autumn splendors, quickly go ;
A curse which, like the breeze that once caressed,
Soon changes and destroys Love's little nest !

Bear with me, Dearest, and I may regain
My gladness through remembrance of thy smile.
Sweet recollection in the after-while
May prove a balm to present loss and pain.
Yea, tender thoughts of thee may soothe my brain,
And ease my heart, like Mother's gentle kiss.
Thou ne'er wilt know how much I mourn and miss
Thee from my life ; but now I will refrain.
Familiar though I am with all Love's woe,
So that a word will cause the tears to flow,
Thy gracious Presence often doth renew
Lost echoes of delight within my breast ;
And Love's dark ocean, with its wild unrest,
Grows like thine eyes, so sunny, mild and blue.

THE MEMORY OF LOVE

I SOMETIMES wonder if these golden days
Remind her spirit of our long-lost bliss.
I sometimes wonder if the dewy kiss
Of these October mornings, and the haze
Which, like an angel robe, invests the ways
Our feet were wont to wander, wake again
Within her soul Love's interrupted strain.
O God! To stand upon these hills and gaze
On all the scenes her presence made so sweet,
And then remember how Hope met defeat
In blooming May, is even yet Despair!
There is no answer in the autumn air
When unto her I call; not one soft thrill
In Nature to assure she loves me still.

Yet are ye welcome, autumn days, serene
And soothing as no others of the year.
When memory of all remorse is clear,
The spirit can be calm as ye and wean
Itself from sorrow. Each majestic scene
That ye unroll is able to restore
Hope to the lonely human heart once more,
And teach it truly what your beauties mean.
In silence and great glory ye begin
Your gorgeous reign, yet seem ye ushered in
With music deep, Spring's rapture to renew.
There is a harmony in every hue
On earth below and in the heavens above
That thrills me with a more than mortal love.

THE HOPE OF LOVE

O HEART of mine, within the tomb interred
Is thy dear Hope, while Winter, white and cold,
Chills all the ways where Love's sweet tale was told.
Yet, though the soul be sick with faith deferred,
The sap of Spring at last is deeply stirred;
And, fragrant few, the woodland flowers unfold.
The meadow-lark once more, with breast of gold,
Makes glad the morn with Love's awakening Word.
O Balm upon the changing breeze's breath,
Life now prevails o'er dark Decay and Death;
And Hope leaps high that my long silent mate
Will yet restore me to Love's lost estate;
Will turn this thralldom into Maytime bloom,
And in my soul Love's sovereign throne resume!

FOR THY DEAR SAKE

O LOVE, now lost a while, for thy dear sake
My work for God and Man shall still be done.
With confidence I face the morning sun,
And to Life's busy field myself betake,
Where Labor heals the wounds that bleed and ache.
The mantle of thy spirit still upon
Me doubly rests. Yea, still for every one
I strive and serve, and thus eternal make
Our House of Love whence thy sweet soul took wing.
I will be happy still with rapturous spring,
And let thy summer warmth my toil mature.
Thine autumn calm shall keep my purpose pure,
And to unselfish effort fruitage bring.
So doth thy Kingdom on the earth endure.

THE HOUSE OF LOVE FOREVER



"The world is nearing now its hour of rest."

THE LAND MILLENNIAL

O SWEET, bewitching eyes that smiled in mine
'Neath tender maidenhood's untroubled brow,
Not buoyant hope but sober memory now
Ye waken in my heart! Love's dawn divine,
Alas, hath vanished, and Life's sparkling wine
Was taken from my famished lips away.
But dreams come back of meadow-lands in May
When Heaven and Earth in warm embrace benign
Gave promise of a future glorious fair.
The boughs above will songless be and bare
When age and change from face and figure steal
The girlish charm that made thy lover kneel.
Yet, Dearest, this adieu of heart and hand
But leads me on to Love's Millennial Land!

Before Love comes the burdens that we bear
Seem grievous; but our Galilean Guest
Doth fill the work-day world with peace and rest.
Yea, when he comes, our mortal lot to share,
There is a nobler Beauty everywhere.
He sets anew the task of Truth we slight.
From Labor's clouded brain he drives the blight
With dream and song of Freedom fresh and fair.
He makes the comradeship of Toil sublime,
And feeds the gnawing hunger of the heart.
He seeks the Human in the slum and slime,
And builds his Kingdom 'mid the cunning mart.
He shows the reason of our wolfish strife,
And leads us on to Fellowship and Life.

THE HOUSE OF LOVE FOREVER

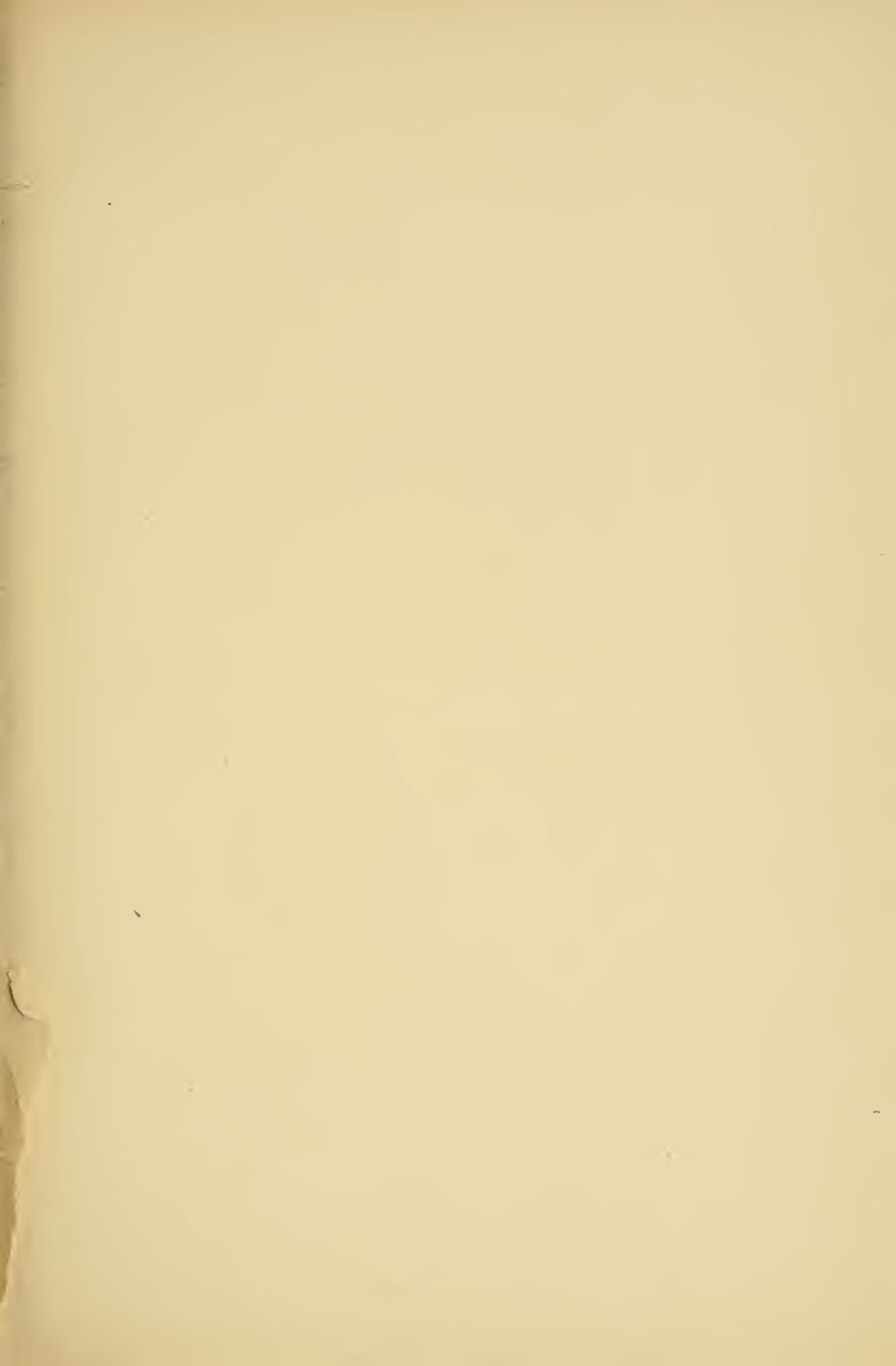
THE House of Love we build could not be done
Till I had learned to love thee evermore.
Its roof shall be God's blue above, where soar
The blissful larks ; its light the glorious sun.
Its deep foundation shall be laid upon
A trust eternal as the ancient hills,
Yet guileless as the leaping forest rills.
While sorrow lingered it was but begun ;
We could not see its splendor for our tears—
Unable to forecast the coming years
When sorrow shall be changed to joy and peace.
Love's sore surrenders yield a rich increase
Of tenderness, and all our mournful loss
Will make thee dearer still—my Crown, my Cross !

Though Death's dark billows beat around thy bark,
And not a gleam of light shone in the sky
Of thy dear life ; though to the piteous cry
Of thy expiring spirit there were none to hark ;
On Memory's waste there would remain one mark
To guide thee onward in the storm and stress,
Safe to the House of Love, where thou wouldst bless
The Morn Immortal with the wakening lark—
The Love of God from which no awful fate
In heaven or hell can ever separate ;
The Love of God beyond belief of man ;
Unspeakable in depth and power and plan ;
The Love of God which shall endure for aye,
When shining sun and stars shall fade away !

THE MORN IMMORTAL

THE world is nearing now its hour of rest ;
And soon Love's starry watchers will be seen
In yonder dome. The long and dull routine
Of Labor ends, and snugly in their nest
The robins settle. On her gracious breast
Dear Mother Nature calms me. Sorrow now
Disturbs no more, for, O my Darling, thou
Dost make our House of Love below more blest !
Thou didst an ever-present solace prove,
Though still I mourned thee like a widowed dove.
Less homeless now the Universe so vast,
Which filled my soul with terror in the past.
The Great Unknown must brighter be than here,
For thou dost face it, Sweet, without a fear !

The sorrow of the world will pass away ;
The winter of its woe prove happy spring ;
And realms that sit in sack-cloth rise and sing.
The Sword of War shall then no longer slay,
While little children with the serpent play.
Our vision shall behold New Heaven and Earth,
Where mourning maketh room for smiling mirth.
When Truth shall come to reign for aye and aye,
Jerusalem with all of Love's redeemed
Shall dwell with men, as seer and sage have dreamed.
Oh, then shall rise the Sun of Righteousness,
Whose beams remotest bounds of being bless !
Yea, unto Love let mortal tongue and pen
Give glory now and evermore, Amen !



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